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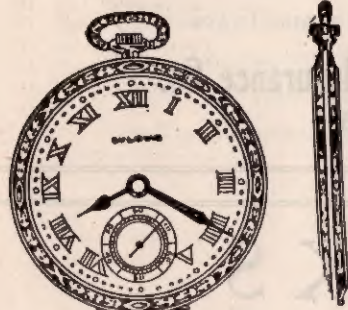
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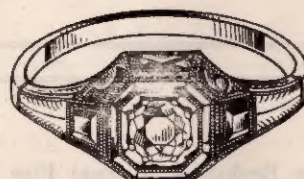
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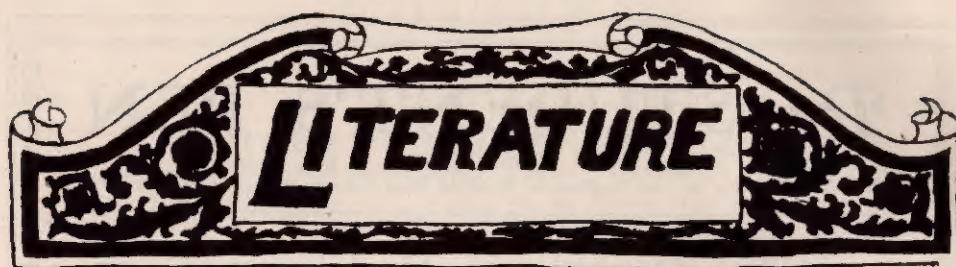
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VALEDICTORY

Success Is Born of Resolution

In that period of time which men commonly call the Renaissance, a young man lived, dreaming a dream of exploits and achievements far beyond the comprehension of his time. This youth was Columbus, who early imbued with a passion for maritime affairs, given to the study of astronomy and navigation, and filled with dreams, that, to his vivid imagination, became realities, believed that he was divinely commissioned to be a discoverer, to find a new route to the Indies. Never disheartened by the continual refusals of the sovereigns of Portugal, Castile and Aragon from whom he vainly sought aid, and never discouraged by the mockery and ridicule of his friends, he endured trials, overcame obstacles, struggled with disappointments, and at last in October 1492, the unknown land rose before him as he had seen it rise in his dreams so many times before. Most of us feel vaguely grateful, to this Genoese mariner who discovered our country so many centuries ago. But our interest should be deeper and more vital than this for his accomplishment suggests and virtually crystallizes a principle. It wasn't an empty dream, or boasting fancy, or even a daring impulse that urged him on toward his big adventure. It was a firm resolution based on conviction—faith and hope. Out of this firm resolution was born success.

The history of our country is replete with the deeds of heroes who must have taken their inspiration from the determination of this Italian navigator. We have only to analyze the colonies' struggle for independence, the development of the great West, and the present-day leadership of our country among the nations of the earth to be convinced that this quality has thrived in America.

This same spirit of resolve which brought success to Columbus, enabled the founders of our great country to weld the thirteen original colonies into that strong band of Union which flourishes today as the one great, living principle of democracy. There were dark days in the Revolution just as in any war—bitter, trying struggles that tested courage and perseverance; but convinced that they were in the right, the fathers of our republic "saw the fight through", and the one-time resolution resulted in success.

Industry soon followed this wonderful freedom, and before many years had elapsed, the little hamlets and villages of the western frontiers had grown into great industrial centers. It is no easy thing to leave one's home and friends and travel far into unknown territory. The spirit of adventure may have aided the sturdy pioneer, but had he felt only this urge, his ardor would have been cooled and his plans have been changed as he realized the privations and hardships his family must endure and suffer. No, it was something deeper than

adventure that made those early Americans grit their teeth and push on, always westward, while their hearts ached more than their bodies from disappointments and baffling barriers. But they wouldn't give up; they had promised themselves to accomplish something worthwhile, and who would be a coward in his own eyes? That is the lowest level to which one may sink. Our pioneers resolved to conquer the west, and though they died in the attempt, they were successful, for,

"They never fail who die

In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;

Their heads be sodden in the sun; their limbs

Be strung to city-gates and castle walks;

But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years

Eclipse, and others share as dark a doom,

They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts

Which overpower all others, and conduct

The world at last to freedom."

It was only in the middle of the past century that Lincoln stood upon the fields of Gettysburg, and delivered that famous address, of which the first lines reecho the principle of freedom on which our country is founded: "our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal". Courage, faith, and firm resolution were required in the heart of Lincoln to hold the states united, and to win the success of lasting freedom to which our country was dedicated. But Lincoln surely achieved success for in 1917 the United States, the greatest existing democracy, entered the World War with the ideal hope of bringing freedom to the men and women of Europe. I call our entrance an ideal hope, for although the enemy was conquered, the ideal purpose was not achieved. Today the countries are battling among themselves and within themselves; and the existing conditions are those of disorder, riot, and internal disorganization. Perhaps those conditions are inevitable, for economic and mental struggle may be a natural consequence of war. Yet, if we are to see the success of our initial resolve, that ideal purpose for which we entered the war, we must, today, realize the responsibility of bringing about an ethical standard which shall condemn future wars. Judge Allen of the Supreme Court of the state of Ohio has said that an attempt to bring about such a standard is a big experiment demanding faith and idealism. The experiment demands more too: a study of the conditions of war, our allegiance to those men who are working out the problems of war, and a firm resolve on our part to assume responsibility to condemn physical combat as an illegal method of settling international disputes. To make successful the resolutions of a nation, we must apply the principle, as individuals, to our individual lives. Resolution means development; it means force, control and stability; and lastly it means success, for

"There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,

Can circumvent, or hinder, or control

The firm resolve of a determined soul."

Mary Elizabeth White

Salutatory American Humor

"Laziness begets laughter", says a theorist. Do you agree? Would you accuse hustling, bustling, prosperous America of being lazy? America, the land of industry and commerce, the land peopled by those whose names are known and honored, the land whose government is first in the principle of the rights of the people? Yet humor is one of the most noticeable characteristics of the American people. Apparently we must discard the theory of laziness. Is it not more the freedom and the plenty of our country that turns our minds to the bright side of life and makes us cheerful and ready to smile?

Here in America we have a way of living humorously. Our view of life is droll and comfortable. There has never been a time in our history when things were not generally trimmed with humor. Other nations have folk-lore, but the folk-lore of the United States consists of humor; and, as it happens, it is the one quality apart from religion necessary to keep all things sound and sweet and wholesome.

From the time of the arrival of the first settlers who sent letters back to England, telling of ludicrous incidents, humor has been characteristic of us. Benjamin Franklin spoke more effectually to the general ear and heart by means of his humorous genius than a whole legion of preachers could have done. Humor holds the attention of listeners while a sermon is apt to be dull. There is a story of a preacher, who raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his young son in the gallery, pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse-chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried, "You tend to your preachin', daddy. I'll keep 'em awake." People usually gain more when they are not aware that they are imbibing wisdom than when they are conscious of the fact and are hostile to being preached to.

Our humorists, such as Artemus Ward and Mark Twain have brightened the life of our country. Artemus Ward's speeches were generously given and always received with applause. When in danger of having nothing to say, Ward would drawl, "Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time passes on." Then after a pause he would add, "It's a kind of way time has."

Then there is Mark Twain with his humorous comments on the problems of every day life. "If you hire a man to sneeze for you," says Twain, pathetically, "and another chooses to help him, you must pay both."

But not only in books does American humor reside. Our newspapers, with their practical jokes and dialogues, with their measureless cuts and ridicule, with their local items and advertisements, contribute their share to our merrymaking. The cartoons with their exaggeration, lift the cloud of political disturbances and war-time troubles by letting the sunshine of mirth creep in. Then the comedies on stage and screen do their bit by giving the people a chance to relax after a long, wearisome day.

But all this would be wasted if it were not for the American's ability to "see the point". "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it, not in the

tongue of him who makes it." The American prides himself on the fact that nothing funny ever escapes his observation. He looks with pity at the neighbor who laughs from a sense of duty, laughs, as Horace says, with "alien jaws". For just as real humor must be spontaneous, causing no effort in its production, so must the laughter it occasions be sincere and friendly.

Sometimes in our laughter we look with amusement and scorn at our European neighbors because we believe they have no sense of humor. But there are peculiarities in the humor of different nations as marked as the geographical peculiarities of the countries, or as their food. "An Englishman loves roast beef; a German, sauerkraut; a Patagonian, red mud; a South Sea Islander loves cold clergyman; and the American, the weed." Their humorous taste is not less diverse. So we must not accuse Europeans of being lacking in a sense of humor; for just as we do not understand their humor, so can they not comprehend ours. Humor is like our watches: none go just alike, yet each man believes his own.

Of course, because we understand our humor, we appreciate it. There is, however, one difference to be noted. In Europe the humorists are outstanding because of the smallness of their number; here in America we are all humorists. Both the high and the low, the merry and the grave, amuse themselves by telling stories. Once, Dr. Potter, bishop of New York, when asked by a lady how it was that pictures and statues of angels were always represented by women, or by young men without beards or moustaches, replied, "Everyone knows that women naturally inherit the kingdom of heaven, but the men only get in by a close shave."

Everyone believes he possesses an exceptional gift in the ability to be humorous, an inner light superior to that of other people. He cannot bear to believe that this gift, so precious and so winsome has been denied him. But, let everyone continue to be so deceived. Let him laugh, for "he who laughs can commit no deadly sin". Is it not true that a man who can see his own weak points and laughs at them can be depended on not to wander far from his own ideals?

Humor is the saving grace of America. It has tided us over rough places and served our nation in every crisis. It has ridiculed our foes, encouraged our defenders, turned hardships of war into causes of merriment. In great political struggles it has laughed hypocrisies and dangerous movements out of court. In time of peace it has proved its value in maintaining decent standards, driving silly, foppish tendencies from our midst. It shows us ourselves as we really are.

So be ready to laugh; bring smiles to others, for laughter is the sunshine that drives away doubts and tears. It is so sincere, so contagious that it brightens up the dark places of life. Do not be sparing of your laughter, for it will create that friendly feeling of sympathy and good-fellowship that is so much needed and so heartily welcomed nowadays.

Let us be grateful for the social and humanizing influences of mirth. Let us welcome the society of happy thoughts and humorous words and deeds; do

not push them from the daily walks of the world's life; take them into your heart and home,

"That the night may be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
May fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Loretta E. Hebert

Be the Best of Whatever You Are

Buried deep in the heart of everyone of us, though we may not admit it even to ourselves, is the desire for fame, the desire to excel, to be a leader among our fellowmen. It is this desire that leads us on to great things, that stirs our hearts and our ambitions to accomplishment, that impels us as we strive to reach our goals.

But goals are elusive things, which as we draw near, leap higher or recede far into the distance, and fill our whole beings with unrest and disappointment. And when, as is so often the case, we find that our goal cannot be reached, shall we be discouraged or shall we find in other things the happiness we had hoped to achieve in the promised land toward which we were journeying?

We shall not be discouraged in our work, whatever it may be, if we only remember that a task does not become unworthy through repetition. We do not despise the sun, merely because we have seen it many times, but each time it appears we feel anew the cheer and brightness which it brings to us. Each spring as it appears is hailed with joy, and having experienced this season many times before but adds to the gladness with which we look forward to it.

Nor does the success of our accomplishments depend upon their greatness. Our government is great and powerful—its officers are truly leaders. But nevertheless our help is very necessary if great projects are to be carried out.

War is a thing so masterful that it crushes whole nations to the earth with one ruthless blow. Its commanders must of necessity be strong in mind, in courage, and in leadership. But is not the lowliest soldier of the army, who endures unflinchingly the cold, hunger and discomfort of strife as essential as the commander-in-chief if the war is to be won? A captain can achieve nothing without a willing, trustworthy crew. A leader can direct, but without staunch followers, his gift of leadership is of no avail.

A school may be rich in structure, resources, and supervision, but unless each pupil gives his share—school spirit and school patriotism to the work, it is not really a school, it is merely a building, whose splendor is far overshadowed by lack of support.

There are many people in the world who are doing great work, which seems to us of no value because it is not extraordinary. The architect draws the plans for magnificent buildings, and his work, when finished, is very important because it provides for every detail of the structure to be erected. But also of importance to the completion of the work is the builder, on whom the responsibility of carrying out the plans lies. To us he is a common laborer, but without his help, the work of the architect would be worthless.

The missionary spends his life in distant countries, bringing the word of God to the heathen native. His task is not easy, for in order to accomplish it he must pass many years away from his friends, in the midst of dangers which are doubly great because they are unknown. But he endures the hardships that he may carry out his purpose, and though he seldom receives a reward for his efforts, his work is truly noble.

The men who go into the far north in the hope of accomplishing great things for the world, are openly ridiculed as theorists who are too fond of visualizing. But it is by visualizing that all the great things of this world have been done, and if some day a rich land should be discovered because they were willing to work for its discovery, then would they receive the praise which should have encouraged their efforts from the first.

The names of mother and teacher may not blaze forth in the lists of those to whom the world grants fame, but their work is worthy of mention like to that of the greatest person in the land, because they do their best, and do it all unselfishly for others.

And so, as we strive to reach those heights of fame, which we have set for ourselves as a goal, we should not lose sight of the smaller tasks which will confront us. For after all, though we may wish to do great things, the tasks which are near to us are the ones which we must do, and their success depends entirely upon whether or not we do our best. They may be difficult, but let us do them well, and ever keep before our minds as the key to future success, these words:

"Be the Best of Whatever you Are"

Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room.
Let me but find it in my heart to say
When flagrant wishes beckon me astray,
This is my work, my blessing, not my doom,
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.
Then shall I find it not too great or small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers,
Then shall I cheerful meet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn when the dark shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me, my work is best.

Dorothy R. Cain

The Real in Science

When one looks over the world of natural phenomena and begins to study it his usual motive is to organize it in some way, so that he may lose the feeling of bewilderment and the sense of being overwhelmed by the multitudinous sea, and the scornful mountains, may in some way feel that he is master of the serene clouds and the flash of lightning. He feels within himself that he is superior to these exterior things in many ways, and that if he can understand them and their ways of behaving he can control them. Man is also dominated by a feeling for beauty, and the disorder he finds in his impressions of the world shocks this esthetic sense, so that he undertakes to examine the world more closely to see if, perchance, there be not some hidden beauty in it after all. In the pursuit of these aims he describes and catalogues facts, deduces statements comprising many facts in small compass, generalizes these into laws, and the laws into systems of science. He thinks he has analyzed phenomena into their constituent elements, and that these elements are permanent unchanging in their real nature; and he considers, therefore, they may be correctly called realities. We may, however, all of us pass judgment on the content science puts into the word real, and upon the precision of its statements as to what it desires to prove regarding the real.

We need, also, to take into account the very closely allied field of mathematics for we must not confuse mathematics with science. They differ radically in content, methods, foundations, objects, and validity in experience. The more fundamental would seem to be mathematics for we can scarcely eliminate it from any kind of thinking. In science, particularly, the dependence is great. One may study mathematics with little study of science, but one can not go far in science without the constant study of mathematics. It thus becomes evident that the answer to many an inquiry of the philosopher in the field of science may be discovered by asking the same question in the field of mathematics.

The real of knowledge—which does not vanish as the dew in the morning sun or the mist in a frosty night; the real of knowledge, which is as fixed as the constellations which stud the nightly sky; the real of knowledge, which illumines the path with a flood of white light—where is it to be found? Is it only a vain hope? We can turn to mathematics and safely answer, no. For thru the turmoil of centuries we find arithmetic, the guide of the astrologer predicting the fortunes of the royal infant, and the companion counting the coins of the flower-girl in the streets of Babylon; noting the tale of conquered land under Rome, and the vanishing ranks of the crusaders. Here is a kind of reality at least. Then we see Geometry settling the property-rights of the ancient land owners, whose fields bordered on the Nile; determining the blocks of the pyramids, constructing the Eiffel tower and the Quebec bridge. During the last century and a half, mathematics has determined for us the swing of the stars in their courses, it has built telephone and telegraph systems, and is present in every sphere of human life today. Mathematics is in itself a real world of objects and their transformations, intricate and tangled, yet ordered and systematic to a degree far greater than any other known world at present. The mathematician is an artist who works in a more subtle material than paint or stone, or even tone

and words. Whenever the mathematician meets nature and follows her suggestions he idealizes the phenomena into something intelligible, he paints a picture of a reality he creates as having in it a structure which matches the phenomena. He is an artist who molds the phenomenal world into forms of statues, and makes even more beautiful figures out of nothing at all.

What is the real in science? We have the meaning of the real in mathematics as a guide to the proper answer to the question. We may begin with the oldest part of physical science, going back twenty-two centuries to Archimedes, the founder of mathematics. He idealized the lever and worked out the properties of this imaginary, weightless, rigid, segment of a straight line. A stretch of seventeen centuries follows with little advance, up to Leonardo da Vinci, artist and scientist, who with Steven of Bruges began the development of statics. They were followed soon by Galileo, who discovered the relation between inertia and mass. The year of Galileo's death was the year of Newton's birth. His intuition was even bolder than Galileo's, for he conceived the world as knit together with ideal threads. This ideal object he called gravity, the most universally present force; the one we are today most ignorant of. The year Illinois was admitted to the American Union, was born the man who should not only revolutionize many of the conceptions of physics and chemistry, but should revolutionize the whole of natural science. Joule brought forth a new reality called energy and the law of the conservation of energy, said to be the grandest achievement of the human mind. Energy is that which can neither be created nor destroyed. It can not be measured, neither weighed, nor seen under the microscope. Its presence can not be detected by apparatus but we know that it is real. We build dams like cliffs to utilize kinetic energy; we rob the winds of their store, and we would chain the ocean wave to a tread mill.

When we turn to the study of life, we find the realities no different, for life is convertible into forms of energy. To the intellect science adds intuition; to the understanding, sympathy; to contemplation, creation. No longer then does the tantalizing search for the reality of the vision continue. We join with the student of science in saying—"Science is real".

Kyle Forrest

BOOKS

Maplewood Prize Essay

A man may have many true friends, friends who will not desert him whatever his fortunes may be, but can he find anywhere friends more true and faithful than his books? He may spurn them, neglect them, abuse them, but they never desert him. Through all, they wait patiently and cheerfully till he shall need them. A man's friends grow tired and long for a rest and change but a man's books wait upon him silently and tirelessly ready to respond to his slightest desire.

If, in fancy, he wishes to leave his humdrum, every day life and travel to strange, lands there are, waiting in his library ready to make real his wish, friends who possess a magic draught, more wonderful and more potent than all the spells

and incantations of the magicians who lived ages ago. If the man be but willing, these friends can make him forget his worries and transport him to distant places. First he must take that worn old book from the place where it has waited so patiently, settle himself comfortably in some secluded corner, open the pages and begin to read. Almost immediately the magic starts its work. He loses consciousness of his surroundings and, swift as the thought, he finds himself in India. India! a land of heat and drowsiness, a land of fatalism, a land of mystery and glamour. Lay this friend's magic aside and turn to another's. Ah! this is wonderful magic indeed! It has stopped time in his headlong flight and bade him turn back, back to the days of knighthood. Here are men clad in shining armour ready to battle for their king or perhaps to join one of the Crusades and do their part in the attempt to free the Holy Land. Take another book and now the man finds himself tossing on the sea and there before his very eyes passes that ghost ship, "The Flying Dutchman" which always brings disaster in its wake. When he grows tired of these friends and their magic let him lay them carefully aside, for where can he find any other friends who possess these wonderful powers and are willing to give them freely?

Hidden also within the narrow, dark confines of his bookcases are not alone books which will be friends for his leisure hours but also books that contain between their covers all the knowledge of the wisest men who have ever lived. These friends can help solve a man's problems, can teach him all that the world has ever known, and for all these treasures they ask nothing except that the man be willing to reach out and take them.

If a man chooses as his friends the best and most helpful books, he has a host of friends who will respond at any time to his every demand. He has as his intimate friends the best and greatest men and women who have ever lived.

Barbara Somes

History of the Class of February 1924

A band of about one hundred and twenty innocent-looking children, just out of grammar school, walked with somewhat faltering steps toward that "Hall of Learning"—Pittsfield High School in February 1920.

We tried to look brave but it was with fast-beating hearts that we entered those portals.

Because of the overcrowded condition of the Central Building those who were taking the college course were transferred to the afternoon session at the Commercial Building. The hours were from one o'clock to four-thirty.

We passed our first five months unmolested by the upper classmen.

When our second semester began in September, we were sent back to the Central Building where high school life became a reality to us. Thus passed our first year at high school.

By this time our numbers had somewhat diminished. Many of our classmates had left us to enter St. Joseph's High. Although this group took some of our best athletes we still had a few notable ones in our class including Joe Garrity, Ted Abrahms, Heck Learned, James Brett, Frank Bastow and Clarence

Graves. We have every reason to be proud of these boys. Their playing has brought many honors to Pittsfield High School.

Then we were Sophomores. We had passed the stage of infancy and had grown several inches.

In the spring of 1921 Mr. Strout was appointed principal of the school. We have found Mr. Strout always interested in our welfare, ready and willing to lend a helping hand when necessary.

We were now anxious to organize as a class, so Mr. Strout was consulted. He advised us, however, to wait until our Junior year.

At the mere mention of our Sophomore year, geometry attired as a ghost looms before us. Mr. Larkin will always remember our class because of their sympathetic understanding (?) of that subject.

Now we were Juniors. Therefore our foremost task was to organize. A meeting was called and after due consideration and thought, we elected Robert Acly, president; Joseph Campion, vice-president; Elizabeth White, secretary and Roland Ende, treasurer. We voted that the class tax should be twenty-five cents, to be paid on the fifteenth of each month and a charge of one cent for each day that it was overdue. Mr. Howes, who had only recently been appointed to the faculty was elected class advisor. Under his careful guidance we were instructed how to conduct our class meetings in an orderly and dignified way.

Our Junior B term passed by with the usual routine and, after several class meetings, it was again time to elect class officers and to plan for our most important social activity—the Junior Prom.

Neill Bridges was elected president; Pauline Wagner, vice-president; Robert Acly, secretary and Elizabeth White, treasurer. Mr. Russell was elected class advisor to succeed Mr. Howes who had resigned.

Committees for the Prom were chosen and all worked diligently to make it a marked success.

It was held December twenty-seventh at the Masonic Temple. And what a success it was! The committees certainly received their reward for all their untiring efforts. It also added eighty dollars to our treasury.

At last February had come and *we were Seniors!* At the first class meeting we reelected Neill Bridges, president; Doris Acheson, vice-president; Ruth Simmons, secretary and Elizabeth White, treasurer. Mr. Russell was reelected class advisor.

About the first of June a meeting was held to choose our class rings. We showed our good taste and judgment by our selection which may well be the envy of other classes. We received our rings the first of September and have been proudly displaying them ever since.

Soon after becoming Senior A's we elected James McSweeney, president; Helen Beattie, vice-president; James Conroy, secretary and Elizabeth White treasurer. Miss Pfeiffer was elected class advisor. We compliment ourselves on this choice. We cannot express our appreciation to Miss Pfeiffer for her loyal support and advice to us when we needed her so much in planning for our graduation. She has been a true friend to each of us, individually throughout our Senior year.

On November the eighth, a delightful Hallowe'en party was given the class by Rose Frumkin. Everyone had a wonderful time and we are more than grateful to Rose.

We decided to be a little different this year by having a class play instead of a dance. Miss Beebe was chairman of the play committee and spent much of her time securing worth-while plays. The class finally decided on "Christopher Jr." It was given January the eleventh in the high school auditorium to a most appreciative audience. Each member of the cast must be given ample credit for the way in which he (she, too) carried out his part. Miss Pfeiffer kindly consented to coach the play and too much praise cannot be given her as she was largely responsible for its success.

Our days spent at Pittsfield High School have been happy ones. We have, no doubt, been a trial to many of the teachers especially to Miss Waite for, as Seniors, we set such a bad example for her sixth period English class by sending notes and showing our ignorance of everyday manners. We wish Miss Waite better luck with her next class.

Graduation day is January the twenty-third when we will have our exercises together with Commercial High.

On Thursday night, January the twenty-fourth our banquet will be held at the Wendell Hotel. There we shall meet for the last time as a class.

We wish to every member of the class the best of luck and happiness in the future.

Frances Farrell

Class Song

Sung to Tosti's "Good-bye"

Now our High School days are done,
Now the cruise of Life begun,
Happy, carefree days are o'er,
We must sail away from shore.
The world to us sends out its cry,
We linger but to say good-bye!
Good-bye, dear teachers, good-bye, good-bye!
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!

Sails unfurled and colors high,
Gentle breeze and radiant sky,
Hope and courage at the prow,
We must lift the anchor now.
We heed the great world's clarion cry;
We linger but to say good-bye!
Good-bye, High School, good-bye, good-bye!
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!

Pauline Wagner

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1924

By the grace of God and the Laws and Statutes of the School Committee, the City of Pittsfield, the County of Berkshire, the State of Massachusetts, the United States of America, we, the class of February 1924, being of sound mind (loud sound) and in full possession of all our faculties (however few) and faculty do hereby give and bequeath the following:

Item: We do appoint and select Principal Roy M. Strout and all the worthy faculty as guardians to our successors as we are certain that under their guidance these pupils to come will all become as great men and women as we are.

Item: We also do bequeath to the pupils who are to come our ancestral "house of study" in hopes that they will appreciate and value the numerous antiques found within. Value them as you value your life, because remember there are many more generations to exist in this house.

Item: To Principal Strout our deepest sympathy that he is to lose this illustrious class.

Item: To Miss Pfeiffer, our heartiest gratitude for her patient help in class, her suggestions in class meeting, and her wonderful coaching in "Christopher, Jr."

Item: To Mrs. Bennett, our assurance that we have learned thoroughly the lives of two of the most famous people, George Washington and the post-master of Podunk.

Item: To Mr. Goodwin, the Latin Class extends regrets that no longer we are to become the happy participants of the sudden tests "which require thought but not much writing".

Item: To Mr. Lucy, Professor of Mathematics, our deepest thanks for the "Ten Minute Assignments!!!"

Item: To Mr. Hayes B. W. (which means Bachelor of Wit) the *privilege* of making simple Seniors suffer. If this *privilege* is *not* abused it shall be transferred to Miss Morris.

Item: To all graduates of Junior High School the warning that a rule has recently been made which states that pupils are not to copy each other's work, as too often the result is, that the same thing is on each paper.

Individual Bequests

First: Elizabeth White leaves this suggestion to all treasurers. "Money is like a new High School. You may get it if you keep after it."

Second: Helen Beattie gives this advice: "Let all hear your voice. It may be like silver."

Doris Acheson adds that silence is golden.

Third: Bob Acly says that procrastination is a bad fault. Don't get it.

Fourth: Dwight Root leaves this lesson to all young players. "Just sing loud. Then they won't know whether you are playing the right chord or not."

Fifth: Frank Bastow, Joe Garrity, Heck Learned, Brinker Britt leave this advice to all hopeful football champions. "Stop, even if it is in the middle of a play and bow to the people if they cheer you. It is the most polite thing to do."

Sixth: Kyle Forrest wishes he could leave his brains with a few of the dumb Senior B's; but, he is terribly afraid that he might need them himself.

Seventh: Charles Van Buskirk, known as Vanny, agrees to teach some Senior how to become class comedian. He guarantees that the pupil will become adept at livening up a bored class.

Eighth: "Al Wms." has so much to leave that he has decided to leave a will of his own.

Ninth: Caroline Musgrove says that she will paint anyone's picture but adds that no homely person need apply as it is impossible for her to paint anything ugly.

Tenth: Doris Acheson leaves her smile and hopes it will lighten up the dark corridors.

Eleventh: Bob Volk leaves his business math. book to any of Mr. Knight's business math. students who do solemnly promise to prepare their lessons as diligently as he has.

Twelfth: Helen King wishes personally to assure Mrs. Bennett that she has learned who Mis-Government and An Arcky are. He-He.

Thirteenth: Marcel Le Claire leaves his beany cap to any aspirant of the Winter Carnival.

Fourteenth: Mr. Lucy's math class bequeaths to Chubby Gamwell ALL their math books in hopes that he will come to class some day with a book.

Pauline Wagner

Signed this 23rd day of January 1924

Class of February '24 Statistics

Prettiest girl, Helen Beattie; Handsomest Boy, "Jimmie" Conroy; Cutest girl, "Gin" May; Cutest Boy, "Ivy" Roth; Best girl dancer, "Sis" White; Best boy dancer, "Kewpie" Kimple; Class nuisance, Dwight Root; Class gossip, Rose Cunningham; Class pet, "Sis" White; Most popular girl, "Sis" White; Most popular boy, "Al" Williams; Class vamp, Loretta Hebert; Class sport, "Bob" Volk; Class father, Clarence Graves; Class mother, Barbara Somes; Class children, "Dot" Cain and Dwight Root; Brightest girl, "Sis" White; Brightest boy, Kyle Forrest; Cleverest girl, Pauline Wagner; Cleverest boy, "Bob" Acty; Class bluffer, "Bob" Volk; Class radio fan, "Cliff" Rice; Class taxi driver, "Al" Williams; Class poet, "Joe" Campion; Class prima donna, Mary Beebe; Model students, Kyle Forrest, Ruth Simmons; Class jester, "Vannie" Buskirk; Most carefree girl, Rose Cunningham; Most carefree boy, "Al" Williams; Class giggler, Helen King; Most studious girl, Mary Beebe; Most studious boy, Kyle Forrest; Shortest girl, Gladys Conway; Shortest boy, "Binker" Britt; Best natured girl, "Dor" Acheson; Best natured boy, "Jim" McSweeney; Most freckled, Clarence Graves; Prettiest hair, "Ginger" May; Prettiest mouth, Helen Beattie; Tallest boy, Clarence Graves; Tallest girl, Elizabeth McCombs; All-round girl, Pauline Wagner; All-round boy, "Heck" Learned; Class sheik, Frank Bastow; Best girl athlete, Trudel Pierce; Best boy athlete, "Joe" Garrity; Most physically fit, "Joe" Garrity; Class grouch, "Bern" Carroll; Most business like girl, "Sister" White; Most business like boy, "Bob" Acty; Class fashion plate, "Dor" Acheson.



CLASS MOTTO: "Success Is Born of Resolution."

Class Prophecy of 1924

A short time ago, I arrived in Pittsfield for the first time since I had left the dear old town back in 1924. I was to sing at the new spacious High School auditorium on the following evening. With great anticipation of seeing the familiar sights and my old friends, I left the station and walked up West Street. Everything looked different and how surprised I was when I beheld South Street, a noisy, busy thoroughfare, lined with fine, prosperous looking business establishments.

My surprise was more complete, however, when I saw that the largest and best of all was a dry goods store owned by Robert Volk. I immediately hastened over to see him and as I crossed the street, I noticed an up-to-date beauty parlor run by the Misses Conway and McCoombs. A sign in the window read "Shampooing, Manicuring and Shaving of Dogs".

I found Bob very busy but he took time to talk over old times with me and I learned from him that few of our former classmates were in town. This little meeting inspired us to hold a reunion at Lillian Carlisle's famous O'Fudge Inn at Peru. We sent invitations to all quarters of the earth and, at length, the anticipated day arrived.

Lillian joined in our enthusiasm and the inn was put in great shape, even to the installing of a radio. Just on the dot of the stated time, in came Loretta Hebert and Joe Garrity—I should say Mr. and Mrs. Joe Garrity, apparently as devoted as ever. Suddenly our greetings were interrupted by a series of bangs and explosions. All rushed to the door and beheld Frank Bastow, Jimmie Conroy, Ray Bennett and Joe Blouin struggling desperately with Al Williams' old rattle trap which (O marvelous to say!) was still holding together. Al had been offered fabulous sums of money for it as a valuable antiquity but glue on paper didn't have anything on Al and his old pal, Lizzie. After the efforts of these noble youths had succeeded in getting her up the hill, all the other arrivals were now able to proceed in safety to the inn and when most of them were together again, the old spirit of 1924 began to assert itself.

Suddenly, they were startled by a scream from the adjoining room which proved to be Cliff Rice tuning in on the radio. He got Dwight Root's station D. R. Y. in the Sahara Desert first and immediately we recognized the clear, sweet tones of Helen Beattie's voice. It seemed she was making a concert tour of Africa and had charmed all the sheiks. Next, we got station W. E. T. Canada just in time to hear the announcement that the next number would be a concert by Edgar Roth's Unmusical Five, always full of Gin(ger), composed of Virginia May, now wielding a wicked instrument, "Kewpie" Kimple at the piano, "Heck" Learned, the sweet potato and Rose Cunningham, the drums. During this melodious selection Ruth Simmons and "Herb" O'Laughlin gave a new dance, called the "Oliver Twist". We heard station S. L. E. E. P. after this. Trudel Pierce was telling bedtime stories which nearly succeeded in sending everyone to "Dreamland".

Then, to bring us back to life, Bob called upon Dr. Kyle Forrest, D.I.G., to relate his experiences in searching for the "Seven Cities of Cibola" which Fran-

cisco de Coronado failed to find. He told how the inspiration he had received while studying the explorers with Mrs. Bennet had led him to success as an archaeologist.

When he had finished, Mr. Robert Acly, that distinguished man of affairs told how he had climbed to the pinnacle of business success on the top floor of a Wall St. skyscraper (by means of an elevator). In concluding, he remarked on the great amount of help he had received from his most efficient secretary, Elizabeth White, who was now serving as private secretary to the president of the United States.

The whirl of a large limousine, which stopped in front, interrupted him and the door was opened by a footman, admitting a stylishly and elegantly gowned person whom all at first failed to recognize as Pauline Wagner, now a famous Follies star. After the first shock of admiration was over there was a concerted rush on the part of the men to assist in removing her wrap while Caroline Musgrove and Rose Frumkin, staid Latin teachers and Charles Cushing and Roland Ende, stone-hearted detectives stared in open disapproval of the homage paid to the distinguished dancer. In the midst of the excitement, Joe Campion jumped up and rattled off a poem, composed on the "spur" of the moment, entitled "Bill and Co" (followed by "A Kiss in the Dark").

When all was quiet again, Doris Acheson began to tell of her experiences in the legal profession where she was very well known but she talked so long that "Vannie" compelled by a sense of duty banged on the table and called the court to order.

Several very interesting talks followed—one by Barbara Somes who told of her narrow escapes while a missionary in the wilds of Jordan Avenue; the other, by Dorothy Cain, speaker of the House of Representatives and popular with the women because of her speech, "Should Men be Allowed to Vote?"

All this time, over in the corner Marcel Le Clair was endeavoring to explain to Frank Olsted, a well to do farmer of New Lenox, how to raise French fried potatoes. He had become famous as a chemist because of his discovery of this process.

Among those who were unable to come were Rose Simkin and "Gabbie" Lebonson who were playing the leading roles in the latest dramatic success, A Mid-Winter's Night-Mare, and "Bill" Silvernail whose better half didn't believe in allowing her husband to go anywhere without her.

The banquet was so delicious and beautifully served we were all anxious to thank those who had prepared it. How great was our surprise and gratitude to recognize Frances Farrell and Jimmie McSweeney as the chief cook and bottle washer. They had consented to come from the Waldorf-Astoria, especially for this occasion. What an ovation they received!

It was now late so we decided to break up after Helen King had played her latest success, "The Last Bang on the Piano" and after singing, "Cheer on Old Pittsfield", we departed for Ted Abrahms' hotel, Toot-An-Kum-Inn.

Mary Beebe
Robert Volk

Statistics of February '24

The census of the class of '24 has been taken, and such a number of celebrities it has revealed! Helen of Troy has nothing on our Helen Beattie, who, by an almost unanimous vote, was acclaimed the most beautiful girl while "Jimmy" Conroy took the honors as Apollo. "Ginger" May of the laughing eyes and curly hair has been pronounced the cutest girl and Edgar ("Ive") Roth shares honors with her. Among those skilled in the terpsichorean art, Betty White and "Kewpie" Kimple excel. As Cleopatra's understudy, Loretta Hebert would be popular and Bob Volk would make an excellent partner for her. Barbara Somes and Clarence Graves, in their superior age and wisdom have been chosen father and mother to our illustrious class, and "Dot" Cain and Dwight Root are their youngest. In the fine art of talking, Rose Cunningham surely has few rivals, and to Dwight Root by common consent, has been allotted the rather dubious honor of class nuisance. Betty White and Kyle Forrest are very easily recognized as the most brilliant of our shining class, while Pauline Wagner and Bob Acly are known as the most clever. Beyond a doubt, Bob Volk is the class bluffer. We don't know how often he puts it across, but failure never seems to trouble him. "Cliff" Rice, having made a name for himself, is the radio-fan of the class and Al Williams, so proficient at driving a car, is our taxi driver. Our poet is Joe Campion, always ready with a rhyme when it is needed and should he set any of them to music, we are sure that in Mary Beebe, prima donna, he would find an excellent interpreter. Perhaps, if the preceding came to pass, two talented ones of our number, "Ive" Roth and Helen King, would find time to play the accompaniment. The choice of Charles Van Buskirk for class jester was a happy one, for did any one ever see "Vanny" without a joke to crack? Rose Cunningham and "Al" Williams never have appeared to be bothered by any of the difficulties of high school life so they have been decided upon as the most carefree members of the class. In direct contrast to these are the most studious, Mary Beebe and Kyle Forrest. "Sister" was also chosen as a model student. We don't know what's wrong with the way that Mary studies, but Ruth Simmons took her place as a model. There is no doubt that Gladys Conway and "Binker" Britt are our shortest while the most prolonged are Elizabeth McCombs and Clarence Graves. Helen King took honors as class giggler and the class grouch is thought to be Bernard Carroll. When it comes to giving the girls hints about the latest style in sweaters, Doris Acheson is always there, and in consequence she became known as our fashion-plate. Doris is also noted for other things. She is the best-natured girl in the class just as Jim McSweeney is the best-natured boy. Of course, being the prettiest in the class, Helen Beattie would have the nicest complexion and the prettiest mouth. Betty White's blue eyes are certainly beautiful and expressive, too, while Virginia May's black curls won a great deal of favor. "Heck" Learned is as well chosen for the "all 'round" boy of the class as is Pauline Wagner for the "all 'round" girl. Frank Bastow, decked in a turban and flowing robes, would make a first class movie "sheik", but don't let that excite you. Trudel Pierce was almost unanimously chosen as the most athletic of the girls and Joe Garrity, after a somewhat harder struggle, took first place as the boy

athlete. He was also thought to be the most physically fit. It takes good judgment in business lines to run a class like this of February 1924, and had it not been for Betty White, and Bob Acly, we might have met with disasters. And now, having rounded out our allotted four years, we take our leave.

Ruth Simmons

Sail On

A diploma is just a written scroll,
A passport, you might say;
To the land that people call success,
Where everything is gay.

The ship is ready to set sail,
On the journey we have planned,
And whether it arrives or not,
Depends on how its manned.

Ambition will be at the wheel,
Life is the sea we're sailing,
And truth will set the compass straight
To the port that we are hailing.

The trip they say is well worth while,
Though the hardships on the way
Will spur the men of courage on
And bid the weaklings stay.

The voyage may be rather rough,
On a green and untried crew,
Good friends may drop out at our side
And fail to see it through.

The sky may threaten overhead,
And rough seas beneath our keel,
But let each man just stand behind
The Captain at the wheel.

Joseph Campion '24

D. Root: "My grandfather hasn't had his hair cut for 10 years."
Jim McSweeney: "Bald, I suppose (with the air of one who is not to be easily caught).
Root: "No, dead."

WHO'S WHO

"BOB" ACLY

Bright in fame.

"A man of business and full of efficiency."
Business Mgr. of Pen; Business Mgr. of Senior Play; President of Junior B; Secretary for Junior A and Senior B. Pro Merito.

DORIS ACHESON

A gift of God.

"Nothing is thought rare, which is not new, and followed; yet we know that which was worn some twenty years ago, comes into grace again."

Play Committee; Asst. Business Mgr. of Pen; Class Fashion Plate. Pro Merito.

"TED" ABRAHMS

Guardian of property.

"Oh, may Dame Fortune open wide her doors that you may pass within."

Football; Basketball; Home Room Book Inspection.

FRANK BASTOW

Free.

"To be strong is to be happy."

President Hi-Y; Football.

HELEN BEATTIE

Morning light.

"A daughter of the gods and most divinely fair."

Vice President of Senior Class; Member of Executive Committee; Editor of Fiction for Pen; Senior Play; Prettiest Girl; Committee on "Who's Who"; Banquet Committee; Student Council Delegate; Glee Club.

MARY BEEBE

Star of the sea.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole Whose body nature is and God the soul."

Class Prima Donna; Pro Merito; Secretary of Student's Pen Club; Play Committee; Charge of Fiction for Pen; Vice President of Home Room Committee. Pro Merito.

"JOE" BLOUIN

He should add.

"His path, may it be ever smooth and straight."
Student Council Delegate.

"DOT" CAIN

A gift of God.

"May she always be as bright as her hair."
Pro Merito; Speaker at Graduation; Asst. Fiction Editor. Pres. of Art Club.

"JOE" CAMPION

He should add.

"With the soul of a poet, a happy man he'll be."
Class Poet; Baseball '22; Basketball '22.

LILLIAN CARLISLE

Lily.

"The blushing beauties of a modest maid."
Candy Committee for Play.

LUCILLE CARRIER

Light.

"Silence in women is like speech in man Deny it who can."

"JIM" CONROY

Supplanter

"Success go with you and your works."
Secrety of Class; Senior Play; Handsomest Boy; Member of Student's Pen Club.

GLADYS CONWAY

Grace.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."
Shortest Girl; Glee Club.

ROSE CUNNINGHAM

A fair rose.

"Begone, dull care, I prithee begone from me."
"Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree."
Care Free Girl; Class Gossip.

"CHUCK" CUSHING

"Thoughtful, yet of ready wit and readier laugh."

ROLAND ENDE

Fame of the land.

"So steady, quiet, yet valuable to all."
Treasurer '22. Pro Merito.

ROSE FRUMKIN

A fair rose.

"And she doth the Seniors feed, be comfort to our Class."

"SISTER" FORREST

Bright.

"Knowledge is power."

Pro Merito; Model Student; Brightest Boy; Speaker at Graduation.

FRANCES FARRELL

Free.

"My crown is called content
A crown that kings seldom enjoy."

Pro Merito; Alumni Notes for Pen; Class History.

"JOE" GARRITY

He shall add.

"A man that loves and laughs must sure do well."

Basketball; Capt. Baseball '23; Football; Best Boy Athlete; Home Room Programme Committee.

"CLARY" GRAVES

Illustrious.

"With a smile as bright as gold, he went his way."

Athlete; Baseball; Football (Capt.); Stage Mgr. Senior Play; Pres. C. M. T. C. Club.

LORETTA HEBERT

Worshiper of God.

"How happy could I be either,
Were t'other dear charmer away,
Aut while ye thus tease me together
To neither a word will I say."

Salutatorian; Senior Play; Pro Merito; Home Room Programme Committee.

ALTON HUTCHINSON

Willing.

"Success go with you in your work."

OSCAR JOHNSON

Bounding warrior.

"And good luck go with you."
Radio Club.

"KEWPIE" KIMPLE

Crowned with laurel.

"Let music fall upon mine ear and all my senses sooth."

Pianist in School Orchestra; Baseball '23; Best Boy Dancer.

HELEN KING

Light.

"We will surely miss Helen and her giggle."
Class Giggler; Pianist.

"HECK" LEARNED

Sound

"Hail the conquering hero comes!"
Football; Basketball; C. M. T. C.; Hi-Y Club.

GABRIEL LEBANSON

Rejoice

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

C. M. T. C. Secretary.

MARCEL LE CLAIRE

A descendant of Mars

"And gladly would he learn and gladly teach."
Radio Club.

"GIN" MAY

Pure.

"From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks
ten thousand little loves and graces spring."

Saxophone in Orchestra; Chairman of Music Committee; Cutest Girl, Prettiest Hair.

ELIZABETH McCOMBS

Worshiper of God.

"'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it."
Asst. Business Mgr. of Pen.

"JIM" McSWEENEY

A supplanter.

"The rule of the many is not well,
One must be the chief in war and one the chief."
President of Class; Senior Play.

CAROLINE MUSGROVE

Noble spirited.

"Her pencil was striking, restless and bland."
Class artist.

TRUDEL PIERCE

Gift of God.

"My deeds and speeches, sir;
Are lines drawn from one center;
What I promise to do I'll do.
Class Athlete.

"HERB" O'LAUGHLIN

Glory of the army.

"A steady pace and you have won."

C. M. T. C. Club.

FRANK OLSTEAD

Free.

"Quiet, yes, but of greatest merit."

Senior Play.

DWIGHT ROOT

Proud chief.

"Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear."

Senior Play; Class Nuisance.

"IVY" ROTH

Protector.

"In truth a lad by fortune favored."

Leader of Orchestra; Cutest Boy; Senior Play.

"BILL" SILVERNAIL

Resolute.

"Both are young and one is beautiful."

Senior Play; Radio Club.

RUTH SIMMONS

Beauty

*"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print
A book's a book although there is nothing in it."*

Charge of Book Reviews in Pen; Secretary of Class '23. Pro Merito.

BARBARA SOMES

Stranger.

*"As the days pass and you are reverend, you
should be wise."*

Class Mother.

ROSE SIMKIN

A fair rose.

*"There is a tide in the affairs of women
which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."*

Executive Committee '23; Prompter at Play; Home Room Program Committee. Pro Merito.

"VANITY" VAN BUSKIRK

Noble-spirited.

"I dare not be as funny as I can."

Class Jester.

"BOB" VOLK

Bright in fame.

"With roguish look and merry laugh."

Class Bluffer; Asst. Cheer Leader; Property Man in Play; Hi-Y; Home Room Delegate Student Pen Club.

PAULINE WAGNER

Little

*"A woman in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel, thou."*

Charge of School Activities of Pen; Student Activities; Leading Lady in Play; Decoration Committee of Prom; Class Motto; Exchange for Pen; Will and Testament; Pro Merito; Vice President '23; Who's Who; Executive Committee '23; All Around Girl; Cleverest Girl; Student Council; Glee Club; Uke Club.

"SISTER" WHITE

Consecrated to God.

"The light that lies in a woman's eyes."

Editor-in-Chief of Pen; Senior Play; Class Treasurer '23 and '24; Valedictorian; Chairman of Prom Committee; Most Popular Girl; Banquet Committee; Who's Who; Pro Merito; Student Activities; Best Girl Dancer; Prettiest Eyes; Home Room Delegate for Student's Pen.

"AL" WILLIAMS

Illustrious

*"I am so merry that I do beguile all one's
hours."*

Vice Pres. Hi-Y; Baseball '23; Leading Man in Senior Play; Asst. Athletic Editor; Play Committee; Home Room Secretary; Who's Who; Decoration Committee of Prom and Banquet; Most Popular and Care Free Boy.

Lillian C.: "I want some lard."

Grocer: "Pail?"

L. C.: "Gracious I didn't know that there were two shades."



CAST OF THE SENIOR PLAY

Back Row—R. Volk; E. Rogers; C. Graves.
 Middle Row—J. McSweeney; F. Olsted; J. Conroy; E. Roth; A. Williams; D. Root; W. Silvernail.
 Front Row—L. Hebert; E. White; Miss Pfeiffer; P. Wagner; H. Beattie.



Aimed at 'Em

The Tatler, Des Moines, Iowa—You have a wonderfully neat little paper. We enjoyed the reading but greatly missed the Exchange Department which we are sure would add to your magazine.

The Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.—A fine idea is worked out in the "School Directory". Your last edition is about the best we have received from you.

The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.—You have a real snappy paper this issue.

The Pulse, Cedar Rapids, Iowa—An ideal paper with which we are exceptionally glad to exchange.

The Red and Gray, Fitchburg, Mass.—You have both clever stories and jokes. However, we would suggest enlarging your Exchange Department.

The Maverick, Tonkawa, Okla.—Your paper shows real work on the part of all concerned. You have a very fine exchange list.

The Argus, Gardner, Mass.—You have two fine stories in your last paper, but we think you need one or two more short, spicy ones.

Aimed at Us

The Student's Pen—Your paper was wonderful. We enjoyed reading it very much.

The Observer, Ansonia, Conn.

The Student's Pen—Your editorials are excellent. We sympathize with you in your need for a new High School, for we share that same problem. Why not have your advertisements separate from the rest of the magazine?

The Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.

The Student's Pen—You have a very well arranged and interesting paper.

Student's Review, Northampton, Mass.

The Student's Pen—You arrived just as our magazine was going to press. You were so good, we had to add you to our list. A fine literary section. Original cuts.

The Spotlight, Proctor, Vermont

SPECIAL SALE

Beaded Pumps
Black Satin or Kid
Pumps with either Metal-
lic or jet Beading Turn
Soles. Big Values



\$3.98

Usually Sold here at \$4.98

In this selection at \$3.98 you will find Pumps that we have regularly sold here for \$4.98 and they were big Value at that

Several pleasing models for Street or Evening Wear. Black kid or Black Satin. All with turn soles. It will pay you too see these fine

Pumps at **Kinney's**

\$3.98 Black Satin with neat
Metallic beading Turn soles
Black kid Model has
Front Straps



Kinney's
WORLD'S LARGEST SHOE RETAILERS

340 North St., near Capitol Theatre

Phone 3543



**North Berkshire High School Basketball League
Standing to January 11, 1924**

	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Pct.</i>
Pittsfield.....	1	0	1.000
Dalton.....	1	0	1.000
Williamstown.....	0	0	.000
Adams.....	0	1	.000
St. Joseph's (N. A.).....	0	1	.000

Pittsfield High's Basketball Season 1923-24

The season started with 30 men out for the team, 17 of which are letter men from last year. They are Dannybuski, Abrams, Stickles, Doyle, Controy, Whalen, Heister, Nelligan. With these old standbys a very successful team may be hoped for this year.

Pittsfield High 47—Berkshire Business College 16

Saturday evening, December 22, Pittsfield High decisively defeated the Berkshire Business College on the Y. M. C. A. floor by a score of 47-16. By short passing Pittsfield piled up a big lead in the first period. Dannybuski displayed his old form and Abrahms made a capable running mate for him. Stickles played a neat game at guard. The team played well together throughout the game. The score at half time was twenty to eight against the college boys. In the second half Pittsfield added 27 points, while the opponents added but 8 to their tally. Leahy did the best work for the losers.

The line-up:

Pittsfield High					Berkshire Business College				
F.	B.	F.	P.	T. P.	F.	B.	F.	P.	T. P.
Dannybuski, l.f....	5	4	14		Tamborelli, l.f....	0	0	0	
Nowell, l.f....	2	0	4		Gaerlach, l.f....	0	0	0	
Abrahms, r.f....	7	0	14		Wilbur, l.f....	1	2	4	
Controy, c....	2	3	7		Gaerlach, l.g....	1	0	2	
Stickles, l.g....	3	2	8		Woodlock, l.g....	1	1	3	
Whalen, l.g....	0	0	0		Flynn, c....	0	0	0	
Heister, r.g....	0	0	0		Kelly, r.g....	0	0	0	
Doyle, r.g....	0	0	0		Ryan, r.g....	1	1	3	
					Hamilton, r.f....	0	0	0	
					Leahy, r.f....	2	0	4	
Totals	19	9	47		Totals	6	4	16	

Pittsfield High 31—Springfield Tech. High 28

December 26 Pittsfield High defeated Springfield Tech by a score of 31 to 28 at Springfield. The trip was made by automobile from this city.

The game was doubtful to the last minute of play. The court was very small and much credit is to be given to Coach Carmody and his boys for adapting themselves so readily to a foreign floor. It is openly admitted that it is especially hard to defeat a team on its own floor. Dannybuski tried his hand at long shots and successfully made a good number. Dannybuski and Abrams played remarkably well together and they make a pair that is hard to beat in high school circles. Dannybuski scored 14 points from the floor and 2 points from free tries. Abrams scored 8 points from the floor and 1 from a free try. Controy played a splendid game at center. Slate played the best game for the losers, scoring 15 points. At the end of first half the score was 16 all and at the end of the third quarter the score was 24 to 21 in favor of Tech., when Dave came across with the winning points.

The line-up:

Pittsfield High					Springfield Tech.				
F.	B.	F.	P.	T. P.	F.	B.	F.	P.	T. P.
Dannybuski, l.f....	7	2	16		Mace, r.g....	0	0	0	
Abrahms, r.f....	4	1	9		Slate, l.g....	7	1	15	
Nowell, r.f....	1	0	2		Kerr, c....	0	0	0	
Controy, c....	0	3	3		Mallumpy, l.f., r.f....	1	1	3	
Doyle, l.g....	0	0	0		Donovan, l.f....	1	0	2	
Stickles, r.g....	0	1	1		Hamilton, l.f....	0	0	0	
Heister, r.g....	0	0	0		Hoag, l.f....	2	4	8	

Totals 12... 7... 31

Totals 11... 6... 28

Referee: Esbjornson. Time: four 10-minute periods.

Pittsfield High 49—Adams High 11

Pittsfield High registered their first League victory with Adams by a score of 49 to 11, December 27, at the Boys' Club. During the first half, Pittsfield scored 29 points against one for the opposition. Sixteen points were made before the visiting club plucked their lone foul. The work of Pittsfield was especially smooth. Dannybuski and Abrams playing remarkably well together, the former having a big afternoon scoring nine doublecounters. Controy was steady at center, covered considerable ground and fitted in nicely in the combination play, which is a real feature of the high school team's accomplishments. Heister and Stickles round out a fine combination and the home club has a wealth of capable substitutes.

Adams High has a team including veterans but at times Pittsfield High made the North Berkshire Boys appear very weak.

The line-up:

Pittsfield High

	F.	B.	F.	P.	T.	P.
Dannybuski l.f.l.g.	5	...	4	...	14	
Nowell, l.f., r.f.	0	...	0	...	0	
Abrahms, l.f., r.f.	9	...	0	...	18	
Controy, c.	4	...	2	...	10	
Doyle, c.	0	...	0	...	0	
Stickles, l.g.	2	...	1	...	5	
Whalen, l.g.	1	...	0	...	2	
Heister, l.g.	0	...	0	...	0	

Totals 21... 7... 49

Adams High

	F.	B.	F.	P.	T.	P.
McGrath, r.g.	1	...	0	...	2	
Mann, l.g.	0	...	0	...	0	
Davis, l.g.	0	...	0	...	0	
Tumpane, c., l.f.	0	...	0	...	0	
Toker, c.	0	...	0	...	0	
Herman, r.f.	1	...	5	...	7	
Tower, r.f.	0	...	0	...	0	
Searles, l.f.	1	...	0	...	2	

Totals 3... 5... 11

Pittsfield High 49—Bristol High 25

Pittsfield won a one-sided contest from the Bristol High Basketball Team on Thursday, December 27 on the Boys' Club floor. The passing, floor-work, and the splendid five man defence of P. H. S. made it nearly impossible for Bristol to get anywhere near the basket. However the visitors did all their scoring by long shots. The whole team played a good game although somewhat tired by the strenuous game played at Springfield the night before. Abrams was the high scorer for Pittsfield High with 20 points. Dave as usual was calm and collective. Stickles also played a good game. White and Waterhouse played best game for Bristol the former getting 7 floor goals.

The line-up:

Pittsfield High

	F.	B.	F.	P.	T.	P.
Dannybuski, l.f.	6	...	2	...	14	
Nowell, l.f.	1	...	0	...	2	
Abrahms, r.f.	9	...	2	...	20	
Controy, c.	1	...	3	...	5	
Stickles, l.g.	3	...	0	...	6	
Doyle, l.g.	0	...	0	...	0	
Heister, r.g.	1	...	0	...	2	

Totals 21... 7... 49

Bristol High

	F.	B.	F.	P.	T.	P.
Craze, l.f.	1	...	2	...	4	
Sullivan, r.f.	1	...	0	...	2	
Johnson, r.f.	1	...	0	...	2	
White, c.	7	...	0	...	14	
Waterhouse, l.g.	1	...	0	...	2	
Hapell, l.g.	0	...	0	...	0	
C. Riordan	0	...	1	...	1	

Totals 11... 3... 25

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America's Merchant Marine Problem—Valedictory

From the time of the ancient Phoenicians until the middle of the nineteenth century, shipping was an art; after that it became a science. The chief factor in this change was the Industrial Revolution or the substitution of Machine for Man. In consequence of this, the whole course of shipbuilding was changed. Where ships had been made of wood, they were now made of iron. Great Britain, with her well-developed resources, forged way ahead of the United States whose vast holdings of coal and iron were only partially developed. The first two ships to cross the Atlantic under steam power alone were British ships.

Before transportation became as general as it is, nations were to some degree practicing self-sufficiency. The use of steel ships put a speedy end to this and commerce increased 200%. America at this time had been relying constantly on vessels from other countries for her transportation. She had no merchant marine of her own nor was she making any attempt to build one; her commerce was carried on almost entirely by foreign countries, chief among which was Great Britain. America, however, learned a sad lesson when, during the Boer War, England withdrew her ships from commerce and used them for the transportation of troops and supplies to South Africa. As a result, there was practically no exportation of goods, a great surplus was created, and the United States lost more in that one year than she would have saved by using foreign ships for ten years.

In time of war, one of a country's greatest needs is an auxiliary fleet. This fleet is composed of supply ships, repair ships, and transports, in addition to regular fighting vessels. The United States had no auxiliary fleet whatever. When the great war came in 1914, all the countries involved withdrew their ships for warfare needs. Here was the opportunity of a lifetime but the United States could not take advantage of it for the simple reason that she had no ships. The European countries were clamoring for supplies, for munitions, for foodstuffs, while our railroads leading to ports were lined for miles back with consignments which could not be transported. Of course we did considerable shipping but the only reason that the vessels of other nations came to our shores was because they were forced to come for supplies. Had England occupied our position of neutrality, she would have become rich for the reason that she had the ships.

When the United States declared war in 1917, the first things the Allies asked for were ships. Then came the awakening: shipbuilding started here at a rate which surprised even our most optimistic shipping heads. Enormous shipyards had to be constructed; every possible private ship that could be used was requisitioned and when every shipyard on the Atlantic Coast was busy the Shipping Commission turned to the Great Lakes. The fleet produced, however, was not at all the kind of one that the United States should have had—it was not to be expected in that short time—materials could not be obtained and the ships were of inferior construction. It did not matter. All that was necessary was that the ship be able to make one or two trips to Europe—it was expected that it would be sunk so why build expensive ships? In an incredibly short time the United States had accomplished the building of a huge fleet and immediately after the war, in 1919 and 1920, when all other countries were at a standstill, she did more shipping than she had ever before done in her whole history. Every possible ship was utilized.

Then Congress passed the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 which declared that the government's little flier in ships should end and it did—that Act was the pin to prick the soap bubble of America's inflated commerce. And the bill also declared that the ships should be sold to private companies. This was the last straw. Private companies could not afford to buy government vessels which had been built at such an enormous expense; the price was prohibitive. And so our huge fleet stands idle, rusting and decaying day by day until many of the ships are practically useless.

American shipowners are greatly handicapped in competing with their foreign rivals. Labor is half the cost of a ship and since labor in the United States is so high, the cost of building a ship here is 25% greater than in England. This 25% is a great loss to our shipowners. It costs much more to send a ship out from an American port since United States laws require officers of the crew to be citizens and also since American officers and crews receive wages considerably higher than do foreign sailors. Ships run on the most economical basis can barely clear expenses.

Another reason why our merchant marine is so seriously handicapped is that our fleet is not well balanced, that is, it is composed of practically one type

of vessel, the slow-speed tramp steamer. This ship is all right for commerce but the fleet is useless unless it contains something besides this one kind. Passenger ships, refrigerator ships, express freighters, and many more are necessary to give the United States a fleet that will enable her to compete with foreign countries.

The United States is facing a crisis—she is virtually on the brink of commercial disaster. Numerous subsidies will not restore her commerce. What is needed is a plan whereby the existing fleet can be sold and newer and better ships built,—then and only then will the United States regain the commercial supremacy she so proudly held during the aftermath of the war.

F. T. Hickey '24

One's Worth—Salutatory

One's worth does not consist merely in owning real estate, stocks, or having many millions of dollars to invest. Your worth to the country, to the community or to the home is counted not always by the big things you do in life but by the small things as well. Some wealthy person may give to your city a library or a museum! Not every person can afford to do this; but everyone can assist in keeping the building and grounds neat and clean, and, by so doing, show that he takes an active interest in his city. A few questions may be asked here relative to your worth.

What are you worth to your family?

If you are a millionaire's son, does it mean that you are worth more to your family? Whether you are bright or dull, thoughtful or careless you are considered priceless to them.

The shoemaker's son because he is a shoemaker's son will have to work hard for the things of life and by so doing he will become a thrifty and foresighted citizen willing to work hard and to help his people. On the other hand, we have the millionaire's son who will probably spend his time in enjoying the things of life that can be obtained without much effort on his part. He does not have to work hard nor worry about the future and so gets into a rut, that of spending money and enjoying himself.

What are you worth to the city or town in which you live?

Are you helping to make your city large and beautiful or are you merely standing by and letting the other person do it? Laws are made for your protection. These laws should be appreciated by you, and you should help in carrying on the affairs of a city. You do not need to hold the highest position in the city or town in order to do the most good. Sometimes the highest official's hands are so tied, that is, so many laws are passed telling him what he can do and what he cannot do, that he is able to do very little in the way he would like to. His subordinate generally has more freedom and is not hampered by so many laws, therefore, while his position is inferior he is in a way better able to see to the wants of the people.

What are you worth to your country?

In this great vast land of ours there are hundreds and hundreds of people all hurrying toward some goal. In this great throng can be found the youth of

the nation struggling hopefully along trying to take the place of the generation that is going out. Because they are the youth of the land they resent being reprimanded when they consider that it is their own affair if they wish to smoke or form other bad habits. This is not true and the generation that is going out should be very careful when they wish to show the youth of the nation their mistakes and how to profit by their errors. The youth owe it to this great country of ours not to make weaklings of themselves because it will not be long before they may become world leaders. Will a nation of weaklings be able to take a foremost part in the work of the world? Can a house be built with a poor foundation? Can a structure be made beautiful if the outside and inside are not finished correctly? It can not. Neither can a nation be powerful nor wonderful if the youth of the country are not properly taken care of. To produce great and wise leaders we have schools, colleges, and other educational institutions. Laws have been passed which require that boys and girls attend school until a certain grade has been reached. This has been found necessary because there are people who are eager to send their children to work as soon as they are able to read and write. In times gone by the three "R's" were the only essentials for an education. The country, as well as the world, has progressed to such an extent in all lines of work that it is now necessary for a person to know more than the three "R's".

It is true that all that is learned in schools cannot be retained all through life. No one expects this but it is expected that the principles which are learned will not be dropped when you are travelling on life's highway. An educated person has had the advantage of being shown how to think and to study carefully any questions that arise after he has become one of the country's leaders or helpers. You owe it to this country and to yourself to keep it one of the foremost powers of the world not alone in strength and size but in the character of its people; to see that all are educated and that all will be worth the trust that is put in them whether they become leaders in the world or helpers.

Ruth Healey

Statistics of the Class of February 1924

Combined age of class, 383 years, 10 months; Average age of class, 17 years, 5 months; Oldest in class, M. Cuffee; Youngest in class, F. Hickey; Combined weight of class, 2581 pounds; Average weight of class, 123 pounds; Heavyweight, C. Cross; Lightweight, L. Gannon; Combined Height, 117 ft. 8¼ in.; Average height, 5 ft. 3½ in.; Tallest in class, Charles Cross; Shortest in class, Lorraine Gannon; Brightest girl, M. Lynch; Brightest boy, F. Hickey; Best boy dancer, C. Cody; Best girl dancer, Anna Sluboveiz; Most popular boy, Maurice Dwyer; Most popular girl, A. Quirk; Most studious boy, Joseph Donahue; Most studious girl, Ruth Healey; Class sport, Sonia Klein; Class musician, M. Dansereau; Class giggler, A. Quirk; Class grouch, none; Class chatterbox, D. Baker; Class poet, M. Plouffe; Class artist, M. Bradway; Class kidder, H. Palmer; Best tempered boy, E. Rogers; Best tempered girl, M. Conroy; Quietest boy, M. Whiting; Quietest girl, H. Blackman; Class sunbeam, Helen Walsh.

Last Will and Testament of the February Class, 1924—Commercial

We, the February class of 1924 of the Commercial Department of the High School, of the city of Pittsfield, County of Berkshire and State of Massachusetts, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make, publish and declare the following as, and for, our last Will and Testament; that is to say:

First: We hereby revoke all wills, codicils or testamentary instruments by us at any time heretofore made.

Second: To Miss Farrell, we leave the privilege of keeping the thermometer at sixty degrees, thereby freezing out the study pupils.

Third: On Miss McSweeney, we bestow the privilege of having a quiet and peaceful free period, unmolested by boisterous seniors.

Fourth: To Miss Roy, we leave the proposition of getting four such studious seniors as have occupied the four back desks this semester also to live up to the motto of the before-mentioned seniors—"Time is Precious".

Fifth: To Miss Downes, we leave the privilege of finding amongst the future seniors, at least one American who will know history from Before Christ down to Anno Domini, as we have known it and have *tried* to impress Miss Downes with our knowledge.

Sixth: To Miss Bligh, we leave the sympathetic words, "It's too bad, now, you have failed". These words we bestow upon the coming civics class.

Seventh: To Miss McGill, we leave the privilege of conducting the banking and hope to hear, at some future time that the goal, that of a one hundred per cent membership, has been reached.

Eighth: To Miss Mangan, we leave the right of investing her money in the sand bank.

Ninth: To Miss Baker, we leave the privilege of conducting the far famed Etiquette Club for Outgoing Seniors.

Tenth: To Mrs. McCubbin, we leave the morning calls, "Any nickels today?" and "Didn't the last bell ring yet?"

Eleventh: To Mr. Ford, we leave the honor of practising law without interruption by late callers, and hope that the future law classes will ask more questions regarding case problems than we did.

Twelfth: To Miss O'Bryan, we leave the problem of forcing the typewriting pupils to use the shields.

Thirteenth: To Mrs. Volin, we bequeath the right of obtaining a permanent cashier.

Fourteenth: To the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, we leave a box of assorted crayons to be used in decorating the boards on special occasions. We leave the use of the foot elevators between the first, second and third floors. Also, the privilege of walking across the grass, providing that Mr. Barry doesn't see them.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals at our residence in the City of Pittsfield this twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred twenty-four.

Anna Sluboveiz
Marguerite Dansereau
Charles Cross



PRO MERITO PUPILS

Back Row—J. Donahue; F. Hickey; K. Forrest; R. Adly; R. Ende.
Middle Row—R. Healey; M. Bradley; M. Dansereau; A. Quirk; H. Blackburn; D. Acheson.
Front Row—A. Sluboveiz; R. Simkin; D. Cain; F. Farrell; R. Simmons; L. Hebert; E. White; P. Wagner.

History of the February Class of 1924

On February 1920, with the dropping of the thermometer, into the High School of Commerce marched a large body of children all eager for knowledge.

Because they were as green as the grass with the sign "Keep Off" they were not bothered by the upper classes. This February Class excelled previous mid-year classes in numbers but not (according to the teachers' views) in mental powers.

The dreaded first year soon passed without any unusual occurrence. With the advent of the Sophomore year many changed their minds and left for the studies in the Central Building and vice versa.

This still remaining large class, linked by a common tie, friendship, settled down for another year without any thoughts of social gayeties, except amusing themselves (as children will) when unobserved.

As Juniors, Mr. Wrought urged us to organize. His pleadings were not heeded until we were Junior A's when we duly elected officers and proceeded to hoard money. Sad to say, however, the class had dwindled to such a small number that the Treasury suffered accordingly.

At last a bright day dawned. We were dignified Seniors. Keeping our same officers we proceeded to gather in more money.

Living up to our reputation as a "different" class we duly decided to make an everlasting impression on all minds. We therefore held a barn dance as a farewell party for the Senior A's. The dance being a huge success and the class preceding us being graduated, we came into the limelight as Senior A's.

Realizing the importance of our position as Senior A's we held a class meeting at which new officers were elected for the final semester. During this term a ring committee was appointed and by their successful efforts we became the proud possessors of Class Rings.

With the closing days of our High School career came the Senior Play, talks of Commencement, and plans for a banquet.

Tonight will be the last meeting for many of us, for tomorrow, a small but brilliant class will march forth from the Commercial Department of the Pittsfield High School.

*Lorraine Gannon
Ruth Healey*

Class Prophecy

A tall, handsome man, carrying a valise, came walking briskly up the street until he reached an elaborately decorated sign which proclaimed that a studio in drawing, painting and Terpsichorean Art was conducted on the fifty-second floor of the skyscraper by the Misses Bradway and Klein. With a whistle of surprise the man sped up the stairs for he was too astonished to take the elevator. A moment later a little bobbed-haired person was demanding angrily, of the aforesaid man, what was wanted. The poor agent, for he was an agent you see, tried to rattle off his piece about his wonderful pills that would cure rheumatism but his fine masculine voice was detected; and so Edward Rogers, for it was he, was invited in.

Edward had travelled for many years selling these pills and had come in contact with many of our classmates. He told them that Harold Palmer was now working for one of the largest banks in Pittsfield and had his ups and downs as usual, for he was elevator man.

Dorothy Baker had entered the movies as a double for Theda Bara in a picture called "Enter the Villain" and this was to be played in the Grand Opera House in Lanesboro.

Myrtle Plouffe, they were told, had inherited a great fortune from one of her uncles and had bought a large farm and was now raising bunnies.

Myron Whiting, who at one time was usher of the Capitol Theatre, was now owner of a very remarkable moving picture house. The orchestra consisted of five rows and the balcony two and one fifth rows. The oil stove which heated this capacious structure was attended to by Charles Cross, the janitor.

Imagine their surprise when they heard that, after the death of Paderewski, Marguerite Dansereau held his place among the famous players. Marguerite's hobby was working in a delicatessen store selling hot dogs to her admirers.

Mary Conroy, Helen Walsh, and Margaret Lynch, who had formed the soup brigade at the lunch counter of Commercial School, had bought the Campbell Soup Factory and were now supplying hundreds of hungry people with their perfected soup.

Another very successful man of our class was Francis Hickey. He had erected a factory near the General Electric Company and was taking a great interest in would-be typists.

Muriel Cuffee was proprietor of a shop which supplied school children with pens and pencils.

Hilda Blackman was secretary to the President of the United States and had as her assistants Anna Quirk and Lorraine Gannon. These assistants were, as a side line, agents for non-skid curling irons.

Ruth Healey and Joseph Donohue had the most successful banking institution in the country. This wonderful piece of architecture was situated on Jordan Avenue next to Maurice Dwyer's Grocery Store.

Here, poor Rogers stopped. His tongue was very tired from giving all this information but bravely he struggled on until he was able to gasp that Anna Sluboveiz was on her way to Reno as Cornelius Codey had consented to be her fourth victim. At last everyone was accounted for, but, as they did not want a human wreckage on their hands, they helped poor Rogers down the stairs, shoved him into a taxi and then fiercely resumed their work.

*Sonia Klein
Mabel Bradway*

WHO'S WHO?

DOROTHY BAKER

Dot is something of a vamp
Like some girls, who, you will admit
Possess that fair, bewitching stamp
That makes you call them exquisite.

MABEL BRADWAY

Mabel's mark is always A
Be it English comp. or Law essay
Or transcribed notes of History speech
She's there with all, prepared for each.

CORNELIUS CODEY

Cornelius from West Pittsfield came
To join our good Commercial crew.
Said he, "I'm going to play the game,
I won't quit school till I get through."

MARY CONROY

She's the same sweet girl in every way
Always happy, good-natured and true
Just a few words, Mary, to you we'll say
We hope you will never be blue.

CHARLES CROSS

He's the tallest in our class of '24
And who would ever wish for any more
Charlie's always at his ease
And doesn't mind us when we tease
And that's exactly why the girlies all adore
—(him).

MARGUERITE DANSEREAU

Marguerite is gay and a winning sort
With a charm that is simple but true
We'll choose her the Queen of our Class
Beauty Court.
If her brightness among us she'll strew.

JOSEPH DONAHUE

He's small but oh My! he has brains
Just another fortune-favored elf
And we know if he's given the reins
He will make a great man of himself.

MAURICE DWYER

Across the ocean he should go
And to the court of some great king
For upon Maurice we'll bestow
The Senior A Class Jester Ring.

HELEN WALSH

I suppose that every class must have it's
sunbeam
But ours is just the brightest one you see
No matter where she goes you see a pleasant
gleam
And she's always sweet and kind to you and
me.

HILDA BLACKMAN

The class, 'twas said, was bound to fail
The teacher in an awful mess
When Hilda up and tipped the scale
To Senior A's complete success.

RUTH HEALEY

Our salutatorian is Ruthie
Our president and peacemaker too
We relied on her wisdom and ability
And our leader has proved true blue.

FRANCIS HICKEY

Francis is handsome, cute and smart
And as witty as can be
When he from this worthy school departs
Watch him get his degree.

SONIA KLEIN

She has a complexion as fair as the rose
She is charming and rather petite
She's as fair as the prettiest flower that grows
Our Sonia is certainly sweet.

MARGARET LYNCH

Our brightest girl is Margaret
Always loyal, kind, and true
Others we sometimes forget
But, never, Margaret, you.

MYRTLE PLOUFEE

As a poetess Myrtle is great
Her rhymes cannot be surpassed
We know at a future date
She'll be the noted one of our class.

ANNA QUIRK

She's chock-full of life and as gay as can be
She's the popular girl of our class
We know in the future that we shall see
The popularity which she will amass.

EDWARD ROGERS

For good-naturedness Edward was voted
Always to lend us a hand
For his goodness he is noted
And he certainly has been in demand.

ANNA SLUBOVEIZ

Anna's our jolly dancing girl
For so full of life is she
Her vamping eyes would set you awirl
Her future success we foresee.

MURIEL CUFFEE

As the mother of us Seniors she is classed
As a pencil lender she is indispensable
For good-fellowship she cannot be surpassed
And in class disputes she's always been most
sensible.

After Graduation What Then?

THIS is the question that is probably facing your boy today. Do you realize that there is a place for him in the great and growing electrical industry.

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For further information regarding these courses write to the Industrial Service Department.



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School of Engineering



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2. Mechanical Engineering
3. Electrical Engineering
4. Chemical Engineering

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of the Pittsfield High School who have included algebra to quadratics and plane geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September 1924 should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

CATALOG

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school address:

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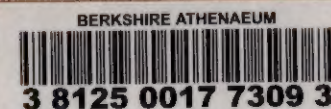
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